

LOCKED IN A CELL FOR BEING BRAVE.

Nobody Alleges That Mrs. Rachel Stillman Is a Criminal.

She Shot a Policeman Whom She Took for a Dangerous Tramp.

Still She Is Held in Prison with Her Baby, While Her Other Children Suffer.

"MATTER OF CUSTOM," JUDGE SAYS.

Will Probably Be Detained Until the Man She Shot Recovers or Dies from the Wound She Inflicted.

Mrs. Rachel Stillman, who shot Patrolman Stephen Lutz, of Brooklyn, in her own house, after warning him not to approach her, and while she naturally supposed him to be a burglar or something worse, is still held in the Kings County Jail as a dangerous woman. She is a condemned murderer. Ball is refused, and there seems no way for her to gain her liberty until the man she wounded while defending her home dies or recovers.

In either of those cases it would appear that she would be speedily released, for the police do not pretend to claim that Lutz had any right to enter her house or to deny that she had good reason, since he was in citizen's clothes, to take him for a dangerous visitor and to protect herself.

As long as the wounded man is alive Mrs. Stillman and her infant child, it appears, must remain in prison.

Why this should be so neither the police nor the court officials attempt to explain. They say simply that "it is the custom" and that the usual rule cannot be disregarded.

"I do not blame Mrs. Stillman," said Acting Captain Velsor, of the Seventeenth Sub-Precinct, to which Patrolman Lutz was attached. "So far as I have been able to learn she did nothing except what was justifiable. Nevertheless it is the custom in such cases to hold the prisoner until, in case of death, the coroner can act, or the seriousness of the affair is minimized by the recovery of the wounded person. Lutz is in a critical condition, and it is not likely that he will recover."

Police Justice Stearns, of the Gates Avenue Court, was able to give no more satisfactory reason for the confinement of Mrs. Stillman.

WHAT THE POLICE JUSTICE SAYS. "I could do nothing else than commit her," he said. "She was charged with having shot Patrolman Lutz and admitted the fact. I was told by Acting Captain Velsor that no satisfactory statement had been obtained from the wounded man as to his side of the case. Under such circumstances there could be no complete hearing and the woman could not be discharged." In spite of the statement by the police that the reason for asking that Mrs. Stillman be held was that they had no complete story from Lutz, neither Superintendent McKelvey, Inspector Murphy nor Acting Captain Velsor blames the woman. They declare that Lutz brought his trouble upon himself by exceeding all authority, and that while his action is partially excused by the fact that he is a new policeman, they do not regard Mrs. Stillman as at fault.

Much of the blame for the affair is attributed by the police officials to Special Officer Jacob Kracow, who, it is said, has been devoting much of his leisure time to

MRS. STILLMAN'S STORY.

She Shot at Lutz, Believing Him to Be a Tramp, After He Had Burst Open Her Door.

It does not seem to me right that I should be locked up here and not allowed to give bail. I did not intentionally shoot the policeman, and no one can regret more than I do that he is so badly hurt. When he came to the house I thought he was a murderer or a robber. After he tried to break down the hall door I fired through the crack into the dark hall, intending to frighten him. I did not know he was hurt until afterward, when we searched the house and found blood spots on the floor.

This is the way it happened: I went to bed early. About 9:30 o'clock my husband's two cousins—Jennie and Bertha Schneider—came to spend the night and Sunday with me. I let them in and then locked the door again. We were all in bed, and it was about an hour later when I heard some one in the hall. I heard the man pounding on the door across the hall, which opens into the Gamberg's flat. There was some loud talking, and then some one rapped on my door and said: "Don't be afraid, open the door. I want to see Levy." Mr. Gamberg then said: "Levy doesn't live here. It may be on the other corner." The man did not go away, and Gamberg said: "Why don't you go. Levy doesn't live here." "I will stay here just as long as I want to," said the man. He was in civilian clothes, and none of us had any idea he was a policeman. I thought he was a tramp.

The girls and I were frightened when he would not go away, and I locked my door. It only has a common bolt and is not very strong. In a minute the man began to pound on the door and push against it. I was pushing against it from the inside, trying to hold it shut, and the girls, Jennie and Bertha, came and helped me. He was too strong for us, and broke the fastening of the bolt so that the door opened a little way. Then I let the girls try to hold the door and ran into the front room and got my husband's revolver. The Gambergs were shouting "Murder!" "Thieves!"

He left my door for a moment and threw his shoulder against the Gamberg's door and broke the wooden panels. Then he came back and tried our door again. As he forced it open, I fired through the crack into the hall. It was dark and I could not see him, and merely fired into the hall thinking I would scare him away.

When I fired we were all calling for the police, and after the shot the neighbors came. We got a light and looked in the hall, but could see no trace of the man. I said that I guessed I had frightened him away with the revolver. Just then we saw drops of blood on the floor, and the Gambergs said I must have hit the man.

Pretty soon a policeman came upstairs. There was blood running down his face, and he said I had shot him. I did not recognize him as the man who had been in the hall. He arrested me. I asked him why he did not come in policeman's clothes the first time, and said that if he had I would have let him in. He answered by saying I was running a disorderly house. I told him I was not. I said I lived there with my husband and my four little children, but that my husband slept in his store in New York three nights in the week. He said he had evidence the house was a disorderly one. Then he took me away and we met another man. The policeman said he felt sick, and I was taken to the station and locked up.

I would not have shot into the hall if I had not thought that he was a murderer or burglar and was going to kill us. I never had a revolver in my hands before.



Mrs. Rachel Stillman in Jail, with Her Baby.

The woman is confined in the Brooklyn jail for having shot Policeman Lutz last Saturday night, after he had broken in the door of her apartment, and when she, taking him for a tramp, had supposed the lives of herself and her four little children were in danger. Although innocent of crime, it is said she will have to remain in jail until the man either dies or is pronounced out of danger.

Watkins street, and until recently has made a living by acting as special policeman at dances and parties. According to the police he has seemed greatly impressed with the importance given him by his little authority and has frequently attached himself to new policemen, to whom he has acted as a general "coach."

UNFORTUNATE IN HIS TUTOR. During the six weeks that Lutz has been on the force Kracow has been much with him and has seemingly been advising him as to the way to perform his duty. He was with Lutz on Saturday night. When the information of the shooting was first obtained by the police it was from Kracow that they gained it. He said that he was standing at Newport avenue and New Lots road when he heard shots fired. He ran to the Stillman house and found Lutz standing in a doorway. Blood was flowing from the policeman's head, and in response to a question Lutz said that he had been shot by a woman.

"Then," said Kracow, "he took me up stairs and pointed out the woman. I arrested her, and brought her to the station."

This version of the affair is denied by Patrolman Lutz and by George Peters. The latter was arrested Sunday morning, and has told a detailed story of the circumstances leading up to the shooting and which corroborates in many points the statement of Mrs. Stillman. Peters's story is as follows:

"I met Patrolman Lutz on Rockaway avenue about 9 o'clock Saturday night. He asked me to lend him the coat and hat I was wearing. I refused. Then he explained that he had got to raid a disorderly house, and could not get in if he was in uniform. We walked down the street and met Kracow, who seemed to be waiting for Lutz. The latter repeated his arguments and finally I loaned him my coat and hat. He took off his uniform coat, helmet, belt and night stick, and handed them to Kracow, who handed them to me."

"Kracow and I stood near the corner until we heard a shot and cries from men and women. Then Lutz came down stairs. There was blood on his face and he took off my coat and hat, at the same time asking where his uniform was? I pointed to where it lay in the road where I had dropped it when I heard the shot."

"Lutz put it on and went back into the house alone and in a minute came down with the woman, who, he said, had shot him. We started to walk to the station, but Lutz soon grew weak and said he could not go any further. Then Kracow took the woman to the station. I went to a drug store and telephoned to St. Mary's Hospital for an ambulance. Lutz was conscious when it came and talked of the shooting. From what he said I thought Kracow knew all about the raid on the house and was to help in it."

THE POOR STILLMAN CHILDREN. Mrs. Stillman has her seventeen-month-old daughter Sophie in the cell with her. At her home are three other children, Louis, Isador and Philip, aged respectively nine, seven and three and one-half years. They were greatly frightened yesterday at the absence of their mother, which they could not understand, as, according to their childish ideas, "mamma just drove away a bad man that wanted to kill us." They had no one to care for them except their father, Carl Stillman, who had gone away to leave them alone, and, as a consequence, abandoned his business in this city and stayed at home all day.

While he knew nothing of the shooting until he was notified by the police that his wife was under arrest, Stillman was able to substantiate his wife's story in many ways. The police at first claimed that Lutz's suspicions as to the character of the Stillman house might have been sustained by the fact that two young women lived there. These girls, Stillman says, are his cousins, who live at No. 39 Norfolk street, this city, and who came to him Saturday afternoon and asked if they might stay over night at his house.

"My wife was in the city Saturday," said Stillman. "To get her back to her home I had just gone out of my store when the girls came in and asked if they could go over there. I could not be home Saturday night and was glad to have them with my wife and told them so. Then they went home and got ready and went over."

Both the young women corroborated Stillman's story and that of his wife as to the shooting.

A Clear Complexion. Speedily obtained by the use of Silyline, the marvelous skin tonic. Cures all cutaneous diseases.—Adv.

"I'LL GET OFF; I USED TO BE A POLICEMAN."

Remark of Joseph Hyland, the Alleged Post Office Robber, When Arrested.

Captured in the World Building, Where He Pretended to Deal in Gas Burners.

HOW HE AND HARRIS OPERATED.

Posed as Inspectors and Got Money Order Blanks Which, It is Said, They Filled Out—Harris's Escape in Buffalo.

Post Office Inspectors yesterday captured in this city Joseph Hyland, alias Joseph Harris, the alleged accomplice of Leroy W. Harris, now serving a five year's sentence in the Joliet (Ill.) penitentiary, for defrauding the Government by means of bogus Post Office orders. Hyland was arrested in room No. 83, of the World building, by Post Office Inspectors Beavers and Jacobs. He was arraigned before United States Commissioner Shields in the afternoon, and held in \$10,000 bail for examination next Monday.

Hyland was known in the World building as G. B. Raymond and had an office there as the alleged agent of the "Superior Manufacturing Company," which was supposed to furnish a new kind of gas burner.

Leroy W. Harris and Hyland, it is alleged, in June, 1894, personated post office inspectors at Noroton Heights, Licking County, Ohio, and managed to get possession of all the blanks for post office orders in the post office there. Harris had been for some time chief clerk in Station L, of the General Post Office in New York, at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and Lexington avenue, and was familiar with all the details of the postal system. The alleged bogus inspectors told the postmaster at Noroton Heights that there was not enough business to continue it as a post office station, and took away all the blanks, stamps and other paraphernalia. They convinced the postmaster, it is alleged, by producing a letter purporting to come from the First Assistant Postmaster-General that they had a right to remove the articles.

Then it is said they began to send bogus post office orders for the maximum amount of \$100, which were paid freely at obscure towns in Ohio and Indiana. Each order was marked "Waive Identification." When Harris was on trial in Buffalo he drew a 44-calibre Colt revolver, and covering the Judge, declared he would shoot any one who came near him. He backed to the door, still covering the Judge and the court officers, and made good his escape. He was recaptured later at Niagara Falls on the American side of the Suspension Bridge, tried and sentenced to five years in Joliet Prison.

Since then post office inspectors all over the country have been tracing Hyland. "Oh, I'll get off," he coolly remarked, "I used to be a policeman."

Roundsmen Redner Guilty. Roundsmen Daniel Redner was convicted in Part IV. of the Court of General Sessions, yesterday afternoon on a charge of bribery, and was remanded for sentence until next Monday. Redner was charged with accepting \$100 in marked bills from Mrs. Emma Bachman, of No. 230 East Ninth street, as a consideration for not arresting her husband on a charge of keeping a disorderly house.

Gas Fuel for Forty Cents. The Consumers' Fuel Gas, Heat and Power Co., have petitioned the Aldermen for permit to lay mains and supply gas for fuel at 40 cents per 1,000, and offer to pay the city 20 cents per foot for streets opened, probably amounting eventually to over \$1,000,000.

MILTON B. BELDING, President. DOUGLAS R. SATTERLEE, Treasurer. Adv.

STEAM TOO SLOW FOR BICYCLE LEGS.

Novel Long Distance Race Between a Wheelman and a Revenue Cutter.

Lieutenant H. T. Wise, U. S. A., Beats the Fast Atlantic from This City to West Point.

LADIES EXCITED OVER THE SPORT.

Through the City, Up and Down Hill, Over Level Roads, the Cyclist Flew, While the Boat Ploughed Up the Serene Hudson.

There was a novel and exciting race yesterday between a revenue cutter and a bicycle in a run from New York to West Point. The revenue cutter had on board a party of officers and their wives from Governor's Island, and the bicycle was ridden by Lieutenant H. T. Wise, of the Ninth Infantry. The contest was arranged on the spur of the moment and was full of thrilling incidents.

The officers on Governor's Island had been planning for some days to attend the commencement exercises at West Point, and, to make the trip enjoyable, secured the revenue cutter Atlantic to take them up the river. The Atlantic plies between Governor's Island and the city, and is one of the fastest boats of the kind in Uncle Sam's service.

The party had boarded the boat at the landing on Governor's Island yesterday, and was waiting for the start, when Lieutenant Wise sauntered down the pier. He had not felt at liberty to join the party, as there were duties which required his attention on the island during part of the day. Some of the officers on the boat began to chaff him, and he retorted that the exercises would be over before they reached West Point. One ally led to another until Lieutenant Wise declared that although the road was bad and the course roundabout, he could reach the Military Academy on a bicycle sooner than they would on the boat.

Some one on the boat offered to wager that the young Lieutenant could not make good this proposition. To the surprise of all he took the bet. He returned to headquarters, was relieved from duty for the day, then hurried to his quarters and exchanged his uniform for a bicycle costume. He boarded the boat with his wheel just before he left the pier and was dropped at the city landing. Then Captain W. Loring, in charge of the cutter, prepared to push the boat as she had never been run before.

Lieutenant Wise met with delays at the landing on this side, and the cutter had twenty minutes' start before he mounted his wheel and made a spurt for Broadway. He had a forty-six-mile run before him, while the boat had a much more direct and shorter course. It required about an hour to make the run through the city. He had crossed from Kingsbridge to Van Cortlandt Park where he had a clear road.

The wheelman from this point to Yonkers was excellent, and the young Lieutenant did some fast riding. After leaving Yonkers he had some hard climbs up hill until he reached Dobbs Ferry. Through the trees he could catch an occasional glimpse of the boat, which was plunging up the Hudson at a rate which frequently caused the waves to lash high over her guards.

Then the young Lieutenant lost sight of the boat until he passed Peekskill. After this the cyclist and the people on the cutter were in plain sight of each other for some distance. While on this stretch the wheelman kept slightly in the lead. Then they lost sight of each other again until the Lieutenant, to whose endurance there seemed to be no limit, was seen tearing down the road to Garrison. He was far ahead of the boat, so much in advance that he was able to ferry across the river and was waiting for his friends when they landed. He had been on the road a little over four hours.

Lieutenant Wise made a record for himself last year in a run from Madison Park to New York.

How are Your Kidneys?
Does Your Back Ache?
Dr. Hobbs' Sparagus Kidney Pills
Make the kidneys strong and healthy. They cause the kidneys to filter all uric acid and other poisons from the blood. Healthy kidneys make pure blood.
Dr. Hobbs' Sparagus Kidney Pills cure Rheumatism, Gout, Eczema, Anemia, Pimples, Bad Blood, Bright's Disease, Malaria, Backache, Kidney Pains, Dropsy, Pain in the Abdomen, Frequent Urination, Inflammation of Kidneys, etc. Endorsed by Physicians and Druggists. So certain a box. Sample Pills and Valuable Book free.
Hobbs' Remedy Co., Chicago and San Francisco.
TAKE CARE! (Trade Mark). Dr. Hobbs' Little Liver Pills don't urinate. Only 10 Cents a Box.

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The German Edition of The Journal.

It reaches the thrifty and well-to-do Germans of Greater New York. If you desire to secure their attention use the advertising columns of Das Morgen-Journal. The rates are moderate.

AND STILL SHE FASTS ON.

Mrs. Ingram Has Now Gone 105 Days Without Food, and Has Lost Only Fifteen Pounds.

Laporte, Ind., June 1.—There is no change in the condition of Mrs. Henry Ingram, of Calhoun County, Mich., whose fast of 105 days has been the marvel of the medical profession. While death is believed to be inevitable, Mrs. Ingram clings tenaciously to life, and the watchers at her bedside continue their ceaseless vigil. Her faculties are unimpaired, but she has no craving for food.

Mrs. Ingram was in apparently good health when she was strangely stricken. Her condition baffled medical skill. For days she was not confined to her bed, and for a week or more during the early part of her fast performed minor household duties. She was at last compelled to take to her bed, where she has since remained. The strangest feature of the case is that she has lost but fifteen pounds since she began to fast. Beyond the moistening of her lips at intervals with a sponge, no liquids have passed her lips. She has not yet lost consciousness, and her sleep is restless. Mrs. Ingram is a believer in the efficacy of prayer, and her pleading for restoration to health has been one of the pathetic features of her case.

New Civil Service Examiner. Washington, June 1.—Abram R. Serren was today nominated by the President to be Chief Examiner of the United States Civil Service Commission. He is a native of Waterloo, N. Y., and is considered a young man of great ability. In May, 1893, Secretary Caplice appointed him to duties in connection with the organization of national banks. Mr. Serren was graduated from Hamilton College in 1887, and afterward became principal of Waterloo Union College, where he taught Latin, Greek and German.

Riot in Stricken Cairo. London, June 1.—A dispatch from Cairo says a serious riot has occurred in that city, growing out of the alarm over cholera. The Governor of Cairo was wounded, and the police were compelled to fire on the mob. Over two hundred of the rioters were arrested.

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If so, of course you must be in fashion with an up-to-date wheeling costume.

We have them in all the fashionable patterns, strap or cuffs on the pants, reinforced, two hip pockets, etc., in medium and light weights, at prices to suit the most economical.

\$3.95, \$4.95, \$6.95 and \$8.00.

Crash Suits, \$3.95 and \$4.95.

A full line of caps to match, 45c and 60c; belts, sweaters, golf stockings, etc., at prices exceedingly low.

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383 BROADWAY, Near White St. 123 and 125 FULTON ST., Near Nassau.

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The Flemish Quarter.

'Tis a region enchanted, where every June bride should loiter and learn to conjure schemes of unexpected picturesqueness for her new realm.

For the dining-room, delightful pieces in dark, unpolished oak. Sideboards whose cellaret doors have panels cut into their faces, with carved scrolls and figures in low relief. Tables with legs connected by odd, curved pieces, like modern Trolly specimens. A variety of the hangings and draperies of Flanders to complete the scheme.

All so perfectly suited to modern needs, yet so oddly artistic and withal so low-priced that they are irresistible.

"BUY OF THE MAKER"

GEO. C. FLINT & Co.

43, 45 and 47 West 23rd St. NEAR BROADWAY.

FACTORY: 154 and 156 West 19th Street.

Pleasure running over follows the pop of a bottle of HIRE'S Rootbeer, the great temperance drink. The pop, the fun, and flavor delight everybody.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia, & 3c. package makes 1 gallon. Sold everywhere.

LIVES BY A LOOSE HIP.

Puts It Out of Joint at Will, and Collects Damages from the City He Is In.

Wichita, Kan., June 1.—Frank Flannery has done up Guthrie, Okla., and this city for over \$1,000 in a novel manner.

Flannery is a respectable looking man who pretends to be traveling as a post office inspector for the Government. After being here a few days he was found lying on one of the sidewalks of the city with his hip out of joint, and near by him was a loose board on the sidewalk. In the course of a few days he began a damage suit against the city, but on the advice of the city physician a compromise was effected for \$500. When he got the money he disappeared and the next day was found on a sidewalk at Guthrie with his hip dislocated again. A similar compromise was made with him there.

It now turns out that Flannery has a trick of dislocating his hip and putting it back into place at his pleasure. It is thought that he is now operating in Texas.

THREE PENSIONS VETOED.

President Objects to One from the Senate and Two from the House.

Washington, June 1.—The President today vetoed three pension bills, one originating in the Senate and two in the House. In returning to the Senate a bill granting a pension to Helen M. Jacob, of Rochester, Ind., widow of Benjamin Oden West, the President says it is refused because the beneficiary, after being placed on the pension list, married again and her second application followed the death of her second husband, claiming that she is again a soldier's widow.

The vetoes of the House pensions, for Jonathan Scott and Mrs. Amanda Woodcock were based on technicalities in the bills. In each case the wrong regiment was named.

W. & J. Sloane

Beg to announce that their recent sale of Axminster and Velvet Carpets having proved so successful, they have determined to make another offering FOR THIS AND NEXT WEEK ONLY of

250 Pieces

Imported and Domestic

Body Brussels Carpets, at

95¢ per yard.

These goods are renowned for their excellence of design and colorings, and any one requiring a carpet should embrace this unusual opportunity to secure good value.

A LARGE VARIETY OF PATTERNS.

Broadway, 18th and 19th Sts.

EHRICH BROS.

offer in their

Grocery Dept.

a car load of

CHOICE

SUGAR-CURED

CALIFORNIA

SHOULDERS,

equal to first quality hams and far superior to the ordinary brands of ham, at

6½c. per lb.

Sixth Ave. and 23d St.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose.

COWPERTHWAIT'S RELIABLE CARPETS.

Regret will haunt you if you miss this sale. Lowest price. LONG CREDIT. 104 WEST 14TH STREET.

R. Stillman